

Get Your Motor Running by **Luddleston**

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Or: the sex curse on the Regalia that definitely happened.

"If my dad's ghost haunts this car and puts a curse on you for fucking in the back seat, I'm not calling an exorcist."

Get Your Motor Running

Author's Note:

This fandom has so much car sex and I love it with all my heart but I also love the idea of Noct being very indignant about it. Also, unsurprisingly, car sex with four people is kind of a challenge!

"What. Are you *doing*?"

Prompto really didn't think Noct's question needed answered. All the nudity kinda spoke for itself. As did Gladio's mouth around his dick.

"What's it look like?" Gladio asked, ignoring Prompto pouting as he pulled off and leaned away.

"Yeah! But! *Ugh!*" Noct gestured aimlessly at the two of them, and Prompto felt a strange urge to put his pants back on, even though Noct had already seen and touched and kissed his everything. "In the *car*, you guys!?"

Maybe they should've put the top up. But they *were* in the middle of nowhere.

"We didn't get anything on the seats!" Prompto protested, because that was exactly why Gladio was sucking his dick.

"That's not the point!" Noct dragged a hand down his face. "It's my *dad's car*, holy shit. Why are you *fucking* in my dad's car!?"

"To be fair, we weren't fucking," Gladio said. Prompto started to put his clothes back on. Gladio wasn't even bothering to zip up his jeans.

"You were doing *sex stuff* in my dad's car!" Noct shouted loud enough to scare some birds out of the treetops.

"We've done sex stuff in way weirder places," Prompto argued, although he couldn't exactly recall anything at that moment.

Noct pointed at them accusingly, like he was sentencing them to... something. "If my dad's ghost haunts this car and puts a curse on you for *fucking in the back seat*, I'm not calling an exorcist." With that proclamation, he stormed back into the woods, headed in the direction of the haven.

Gladio shrugged. "That doesn't seem very likely." He turned to Prompto, who was still trying to squirm into his skinny jeans. "You don't wanna finish?"

"Kinda ruins the mood, doesn't it?"

Gladio tucked his fingers into the waistband of Prompto's jeans, which were pulled up to just below his ass. "Promise you I can un-ruin that real fast," he said, kissing the spray of freckles over Prompto's hipbone.

"Oh, uh, I'm sure you can, big guy."

Gladio smirked up at him, and that was it.

They didn't get anything on the seats.

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Noct was naked, but Noct was also pissy, so Gladio wasn't going anywhere near that. He got kinda like an angry cat, hissing and spitting at anyone who got too close. Plus, for some damn reason, he seemed to blame Gladio and Prompto for the fact that he fell in a lake. Like Noct hadn't been the one who'd tripped right off the dock. Like the car being cursed could somehow cause Noct to fall into a lake.

"The Regalia ain't cursed," Gladio said, finally, as Noct clutched the towel he was wrapped in closer around himself, propping his feet up by the fire to warm up and dry off. He was looking at the sky like he was stargazing, except there wasn't much up there besides clouds.

"Hella is," Noct argued.

"What?" Ignis asked, squinting at them as though he detected some Nonsense, which meant Iggy's Nonsense Meter was functioning accurately as always.

"Noct thinks the Regalia is cursed," Prompto said, "because, uh, *because we had sex in there*." Honestly, Gladio wasn't sure how he managed to avoid tripping right over his tongue.

Ignis looked between Noct and Prompto like Gladio had no place in this, which was generous of him. "You... had sex in the Regalia?"

"No! *They* did," Noct corrected him.

Ignis sat back in his chair, folding his arms and crossing his legs. He hummed softly, almost wistful. "Well. It really is too bad I wasn't the one who stumbled across the two of you, then. I would've liked to see that."

Gladio was seated next to Ignis, so it didn't take much to reach over and grasp the back of his neck, pulling him in so that Gladio's mouth was against his ear. "We'll put on a show for you sometime," he said, biting Ignis's earlobe before leaning away.

Or, at least, he would have leaned away, if Iggy hadn't grabbed the strap of his tank top and pulled him back in, kissing him firmly on the mouth—thoroughly, with an aggressive amount of tongue. Gladio felt like he was melting, and he really wished they weren't sitting in the camp chairs so he could get into Iggy's lap without capsizing the both of them.

He didn't pull away until he heard a shutter go off at least three times. "Prompto, seriously," Gladio said, catching him with his camera in his hands and his lower lip between his teeth. It was by no means the most Prompto had caught of them on camera, but Prompto still looked a bit guilty.

When he looked over his shoulder at Noct, Gladio figured out why.

He was glaring absolute *daggers* at them, the kind of cold fury that normally only Ignis could pull off. Ignis, however, was rolling his eyes.

"Noct, just because you're upset with them does not mean you can put a moratorium on all sex," he said. "We're well away from the car."

"Fine," Noct said, standing, the towel still wrapped around his hips, looking for all the world like the picture of an insolent, spoiled little prince. "Specs, you're the only one who's allowed to touch me, though."

Which was fuckin' unfair, both because the Regalia *wasn't cursed, dammit*, and because just last week, Ignis had straddled Gladio's lap in the backseat and ground against him until both of them were sweaty and flushed and scrambling to undo each other's pants. He almost blurted out that Ignis was just as guilty as the rest of them, but Noct had lost the towel and was now kneeling fully naked before Ignis, who was completely clothed and, well. That was bound to turn into a pretty good show. He'd at least give it some time before he bared Ignis's guilt.

When Gladio gave Prompto a smirk and jerked his head in a *get over here* motion, Prompto circled behind the other two, pressing a kiss to the side of Ignis's head as he went. He situated himself in Gladio's lap, his camera still clutched in one hand, already switched to video mode. Prompto let out a quiet gasp as Noct undid Ignis's pants, and Gladio reached around to hit 'record' for him, because Prompto was definitely gonna forget.

Prompto had this *thing* for making sex tapes. He probably had about a dozen of them on his camera, which made Gladio pretty damn glad the guy guarded the memory card on that thing like his life depended on it. Didn't need some rando making off with all that, now did they. Honestly, the sex tapes themselves were kind of a security risk, but, ugh. Worth it.

It was fascinating to watch Prompto concentrate on the framing of the shot, zooming the camera in to perfectly capture the way Noct licked Ignis's cock, all in perfect focus. Capable as he was with his camera, Prompto was clearly affected, his breath coming faster, licking his lips and squirming in Gladio's lap.

It was cute as hell, that's what it was.

Gladio kissed Prompto's neck and Prompto moaned a breathy, "*ah!*" that was sure as hell gonna show up on the video later. He wondered if he could get Prompto to make another, until the soundtrack of this video was just a steady chorus of Prompto's sighs and moans.

He reached around Prompto's waist, going for his dick when Prompto made a noise not out of pleasure, but surprise. "Do you feel that?" Prompto asked, and Gladio realized he was referring to a patter of raindrops just as the skies fucking opened up.

They were all soaked through by the time they made it into the tent, and Noct's clothes that had been drying on a line near the fire weren't gonna be wearable anytime soon.

Noct made a ragged noise of frustration that was a little hilarious. "We're *cursed!*" he complained.

"Maybe you pissed off Ramuh," Prompto suggested, double-checking that his camera was okay even though it was waterproof. Thunder shook the haven, almost like an agreement.

Noct frowned at Prompto, clearly still blaming the two of them.

Well, he may not have had Iggy's skills, but Gladio could at least try to logic himself out of this situation. "Noct, come on. If someone was pissed at us for fucking in the Regalia, wouldn't you be the only one who *isn't* cursed?"

"Why, wouldn't Ignis...?" Noct began, but, to Gladio's great distress, he caught Gladio's slip-up almost immediately. "Iggy, you mean you—"

"*Gladiolus*," Ignis said, which he only ever used as a threat or a declaration of love, and Gladio was pretty damn sure what it was this time.

Despite the downpour, he had a sudden urge to hop out of the tent and start running.

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It wasn't that Ignis wholly disliked camping, but after a few days of roughing it, having a motel room felt like a blessing from the Six. Sure, the mattress was a bit flattened and the hot and cold water knobs in the shower were backwards, but even the fact that there was a shower was a vast improvement.

Noct also seemed to be in a much brighter mood now that they weren't camping, and because nothing 'super cursed' had happened in the past day. He'd apparently forgiven Prompto and Gladio for their indiscretions, because he'd gotten into the shower with Prompto, and there were some distinct noises filtering out of the cracked-open bathroom door. Noct had claimed he was leaving it open so that the bathroom didn't fog up with steam, but Ignis was rather certain he was being seduced.

It wouldn't work quite yet, considering there wasn't room for three in the shower. There was barely room for two, and only if one of those two wasn't Gladio.

"Ah, Noct—!"

They did sound delightful, though.

Ignis stopped pretending to pay attention to the news stories he'd been skimming through on his phone, dropping his hand to press against the crotch of his trousers, his cock already half-hard just from listening to the two of them. The noises were primarily coming from Prompto, which gave Ignis a fairly decent idea of what Noct was doing. His mouth must have been occupied.

Ignis deeply wished he hadn't been interrupted by that sudden thunderstorm last night—Noct wasn't very practiced with his mouth, but he was messy and eager and Ignis adored the way Noct looked up at him while he sucked him off, like he was waiting for some kind of approval, which Ignis would most certainly give him.

A mix of these memories and the mental image of Noct kneeling before Prompto in the shower had Ignis undoing his fly and beginning to touch himself in earnest, keeping his breathing deliberately even. He didn't want

to work himself up too quickly; he'd rather give them plenty of time to have their fun with him once they finally stumbled out of the shower. He sighed, tipping his head back. If only Gladio hadn't gone across the road to pick up supplies. He'd enjoy this.

Ignis sat up when the noises from the bathroom turned from pleased moans to horrified shrieking. "Noct, Prompto, what—"

The shower cut off, and Ignis heard the curtain slide open fast, like they'd yanked it.

"That's fucking *cold*, why—" Noct began.

"I dunno, man!" Prompto finished for him. The shower came on again, and ran for a few seconds. "Nope, still cold. Iggy! There's something wrong with the shower!"

Ignis did up his pants before entering the bathroom, even though the other two had made no such attempt at decency, and were both still completely naked. He tested the shower for a moment, but no matter what he did, the water still ran cold.

"I believe it's the water heater," he said, not without some resentment for old boilers and their many failings, "so we'll have to contend ourselves with cold showers."

Prompto whined, high-pitched and plaintive.

"I don't suppose you two managed to wash up before you got your hands on each other," Ignis said.

"Sorta. Def didn't wash our hair, though," Prompto said. "Ugh, I don't wanna get back in there."

"*Fuck*," Noct sighed, with feeling. "Told you we're cursed."

"We're *doomed*," Prompto agreed.

At the very least, Ignis was quite certain their plans for the evening were doomed.

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Noct wasn't prone to superstition most of the time, but the Regalia was one glaring exception to that rule. The car practically had a soul of her own, and his dad had once said—in no uncertain terms—that he wouldn't follow his forefathers' path and haunt the Citadel halls once he'd left the mortal realm, and he'd rather be wherever the Regalia was. That had been a long time ago, and it had clearly been a joke, and Noct hadn't actually considered it until his father really was... gone. With the Citadel inaccessible, the Regalia was really all Noct had of him.

Mixing that fresh hurt with the thought of his lovers fooling around didn't quite do it for him.

So, despite the guys teasing him, when the Regalia broke down, Noct felt well and truly cursed.

Even Prompto was being uncharacteristically quiet, all three of them treading lightly, as though Noct was a monster that might wake if they moved too quickly. Noct wished somebody would talk, wished Prompto would make some kind of joke about hitchhiking. Anything to lighten the mood.

"Uh... sorry about..." Prompto began, and then he stopped, sighing.

"It's not your fault," Noct said, kicking at a loose piece of asphalt while they waited on the tow truck.

"Oh, really?" Prompto quirked an eyebrow and nudged Noct in the side with his elbow. "I thought I cursed us with my sensual ways."

"Eh, maybe. I can't blame you, though," Noct said, gesturing at Gladio, who was leaned up against the car with a paperback novel in one hand, his shirt having mysteriously vanished once again. Noct wouldn't fuck him in the

backseat, but he kinda wanted to plaster himself against Gladio's front and make out with him. Maybe his own shirt would mysteriously vanish, too.

Prompto followed the direction of Noct's gaze and laughed loud enough to get Gladio and Iggy to look up. Noct caught the faintest hint of a smile on both of their faces, like both of them knew some levity had been breathed into the moment. Noct thanked the Astrals for Prompto for about the thousandth time.

Noct leaned in, about to pull Prompto close and kiss him, when Prompto ducked away from him, looking down the highway in front of them. "Oh! Hey! I think that's the tow truck!"

Maybe still a little cursed, by bad timing, if nothing else.

— — —

"What the four of you manage to do to this car, I've got no idea," Cid said, without even examining the car to get an idea at all. Cindy was already circling around it, examining, and Ignis hoped her diagnosis wouldn't be too terrible. Or expensive.

"Noct says we cursed it," Gladio noted, shrugging back into his shirt only because he'd need to wear one if they were to go into the Crow's Nest.

"Cursed 'er? What?" Cid turned his attention to Noct, who looked very much like he hadn't wanted any of them to mention that particular detail to Cid.

Gladio continued to provide additional details. "Yeah. Said his dad's ghost was haunting it because we desecrated the thing."

"Desecra—oh, ew!" Cindy, who had been clearly listening in, took a step back from the car. "Y'all've been fuckin' in here!?"

Prompto made a rather amusing noise, halfway between a yelp and a scoff. "No! Why does everybody think—*nothing got on the seats, you guys!*"

Cid was looking even more baffled by them than usual, and Ignis was hard pressed to blame him for it. "Yeah, so, why the hell d'you think Reggie'd be pissed about that?"

Noct looked at Ignis, and Ignis didn't particularly wish to summarize why Noct had assumed his father would be angry with him for having sex in his car, so he simply looked back, leaving Noct to explain himself. "I dunno," Noct said, eventually, "I mean, why wouldn't he be?"

Cid cackled, which was never a good sign. "Boy, you don't wanna know half the shit Reggie did in that car—" he started, not managing anything more before Noct stopped him in his tracks.

"Augh! No. No, I don't want to know. Gross." For some reason, Noct was covering his eyes instead of his ears, but Ignis supposed he could be forgiven for reacting insensibly in the face of the fact that, apparently, his dad fucked.

Although, Noct should probably have known that already.

Gladio, Ignis realized, was looking similarly distraught, his brows furrowed so tightly his nose twitched.

Hm.

Ignis could have, ostensibly, kept his mouth shut. Instead, he said, "well, I'm quite certain the late king couldn't have gotten up to the kinds of shenanigans this lot has."

"You kiddin' me? Nah. One time, Reggie and Clarus—"

Ah. Hence the reason for Gladio's steadily increasing distress.

"Please. *Please*, don't finish that sentence," Noct begged, the expression on his face similar to the one he'd worn when Ignis had once explained that the dessert he'd been enjoying was, in fact, carrot cake.

Gladio glared at Ignis, well aware that Ignis did not speak without thinking. "Yeah, man, our relationship's already weird enough, considering our dads

—"

"*Gladio!*" Noct cried, and then Gladio stopped speaking without thinking, too.

This was all too fun, but Ignis supposed he should allow some mercy, especially if he wanted Cindy to ever be willing to get close enough to fix that car. He let the conversation lie, with a new understanding of what Noct had meant when he'd said *I'm not first King of Lucius to have fucked his Shield*.

— — —

"So, you won't get off in the backseat of the car, but you'll do *this*?" Prompto asked, leaning over the windshield to watch. "That's some weird logic there, Noct."

"I hadn't realized it was a matter of prepositions," Ignis said, "*in* the car is an affront, but *on* the car is quite alright, it seems."

"Fuck... *off*, Iggy." That was about all he could get out of his mouth, and honestly, Prompto didn't blame him. It wasn't every day he ended up sprawled out on the hood of the Regalia and fucked out of his goddamn mind.

Gladio was really givin' it to him, too, hard enough that Prompto swore the car was rocking. He didn't know how Ignis managed to look so calm and unaffected just chilling in the driver's seat making commentary about grammar—Prompto kinda wanted to go sit in his lap and grind down against his crotch to see if he was a little more aroused than he looked, but that would mean he couldn't see Noct, so. Priorities. Watching Noct eat his words re: Sex Curse from King Regis was way too entertaining.

Thank all the Six they were parked someplace super remote, because anyone within a half-mile radius would've heard *that* particular noise Noct made. And then, they'd catch Noct completely naked with his jacket spread out under him and his legs gripped around Gladio's waist as though Gladio might stop fucking him if Noct didn't hold on as tightly as possible. Gladio's

pants and underwear were shoved down his thighs, his shirt currently slung over the passenger side headrest. When he'd initially taken it off, though, he'd chucked it at Prompto's face. Prompto liked to think that was accidental.

Gladio grasped Noct's dick and Noct made a happy little sigh. "*Yeah*, keep doing that."

"Hey. You don't get to be in charge, here," Gladio admonished him, letting go of his cock and pinching his nipple instead. Noct slapped his hand away like Gladio was trying to ruffle his hair or something. Gladio fucked him harder.

Prompto kinda wished he hadn't left his camera in its bag under the seat.

He felt a tug—Ignis grabbing one of his belt loops—and he turned to see Ignis losing a bit of his composure, a rare flush high on his cheekbones. "Would you like to sit in the driver's seat, Prompto?" he asked, and hell yeah, Prompto did.

It was a bit of a production climbing across the center console and onto Iggy's lap, and it was a damn good thing he was pretty flexible, because Ignis had way too much leg for both of them to tuck their feet into the footwell. He sat with his knees planted on the edge of the seat, his back to Ignis's chest, and when he ground back, he found out that, yep, Iggy was just as into this as he was.

"Holy *fuck*, you're so hard," Prompto couldn't help saying, and Noct moaned Ignis's name, like he was getting off on the fact that Ignis was getting off on watching him get off. Having three boyfriends was funny like that, sometimes.

Ignis presented his hands to Prompto, and Prompto knew that was an invitation to peel off his gloves. He rubbed a thumb over Ignis's bare palm before setting the gloves safely on the dashboard. Honestly, from this angle, he couldn't see Noct that well, but he *could* see Gladio, which was nearly just as good. The intensity on his face as he fucked Noct made Prompto squirm and Ignis laughed quietly from behind him, pressing a kiss to his

shoulder before undoing his pants, stroking him slowly, although Prompto wished he'd match Gladio's rapid pace.

Well. There was one way to get Iggy to speed up. Prompto ground back against Ignis and got exactly what he wanted.

Gladio was close, that much was obvious from the way he fucked Noct, seizing his hips to drag Noct up onto his cock—a feat made easier by the fact that Noct had gone completely boneless. It was also obvious from the way he talked: *"Yeah, Noct, that's so good, you got no idea what fucking your tight little ass does to me—that's it, Princess, who knew you'd be so good at taking cock—"*

"I think maybe Gladio knew," Prompto said, and it made Ignis laugh again. A bubbly kind of pleasure rose in Prompto's chest, the sort of delight that always came with making Ignis laugh.

"One would think, considering how often he fucks Noct," Ignis said. "In point of fact, I'd say the three of us are most aware of how much our King enjoys a good, hard fuck. He really does beg for it with every action, doesn't he?"

Prompto wished he could respond with something similarly sexy, but all that came out was, *"yeah."* It wasn't his fault Iggy was the absolute sexiest when it came to dirty talk. The way his accent stayed crisp and posh as he talked about how much Noct loved getting pounded would drive anybody crazy, okay? Okay.

He was distracted from his thoughts on exactly how much of a turn-on Iggy's voice was when Gladio leaned forward like a lion pouncing, one of his hand still grasping Noct's hip but the other going around his shoulders to crush him close in a kiss, a rough, broken sound muffled between them. Ignis's hand slowed as he became distracted by the two of them, and Prompto didn't blame him for a second. The fact that Gladio liked to kiss when he came was probably one of the cutest things about him. And he definitely had come, if the fact that he finally stilled was any indication. He stayed pressed close to Noct for a moment, his cock still buried deep, until Noct started rolling his hips to get some kind of friction against his dick.

Then, Gladio pulled away and gave them an absolutely wild grin through the windshield. "Who's next?"

Prompto would've been embarrassed by the way he raised his hand like he was in school, if he had any braincells left that weren't occupied with how much he wanted to fuck Noct right now. "Ooh! Me!" he said, but he couldn't exactly move with Ignis wrapped around him like that.

"Only on the condition that you allow me to fuck you while you do," Ignis bargained, and Prompto let out a shuddering moan that had 'yes' in there somewhere.

He'd never gotten out of the car faster. He didn't even bother opening the door, just scrambled over it. He nearly fell over trying to get out of his shirt and his pants at the same time.

It was a bit of a puzzle of a position; the hood of the Regalia was pretty low, so his options were limited to either dropping into a weird half-crouch or lifting Noct up to meet his thrusts. Gladio'd had no problem going for that second option, of course, but Prompto wasn't sure his recent attempts at lifting were quite enough to hold Noct up, especially when Noct was wiggling and trying to fuck him back.

So, actually fucking him only lasted about a minute or two, and then Prompto arranged himself leaning over Noct, one knee up on the hood of the car, grinding his cock against Noct's as Ignis's fingers opened him up. He gasped into Noct's mouth, because Ignis had good fuckin' aim, tingles running down his spine as Noct's fingernails scraped up the back of his neck and Ignis's fingers stroked over his prostate in perfect tandem.

Iggy paused for a second, and Prompto peered at the backseat. "Gladio, seriously?"

"What?" said Gladio, who was definitely taking a nap, "Noct isn't the only one who gets sleepy after he gets off."

"One time," Noct huffed, and Prompto kissed him to placate him.

He was about to correct Noct, because it had definitely been more than one time, when he felt Ignis's cock pressing into him, and that was way more important than any long standing arguments about Noct's inability to stay awake after a good orgasm.

"*Yeah*, Iggy, that's—oh, oh, keep moving," Prompto urged him, craning his head to kiss Ignis, too. Somehow, Ignis was still the most clothed of all of them, and his shirt buttons pressed into Prompto's bare back. That in itself showed how desperate Ignis was; ordinarily, he wouldn't get into it until he was undressed and his clothes were somewhere off to the side. Shit, if he made *Ignis* run out of patience, Prompto must have been doing something right.

Noct kissed his neck for a second before he got all boneless again, the way Ignis's thrusts were pushing his cock against Prompto's clearly working for him. Prompto planted his hands on the hood of the car on either side of Noct's head and just let Iggy *take* him, the ever-winding coil of boundless energy that Prompto associated with good sex pushing through every inch of his being. It was like a runner's high, except that it made him want to scream.

Ignis reached between Prompto and Noct to wrap his hand around their cocks, and Prompto did scream, loud enough to make Gladio pop up to see what Ignis was doing to them. Nothing beyond the usual, which Gladio should've known, after all, Prompto was the one who always made their motel room neighbors hate them.

Noct dug his nails into Prompto's shoulders when he came, his heel thumping hard against the Regalia's front bumper, which had to be painful, but Noct had never looked happier. Iggy was still talking as dirty as he was possibly capable, except that Prompto couldn't understand words anymore, because Noct had batted Iggy's hand away and was touching Prompto's cock instead. Noct look flushed and joyful under him, and Prompto loved him, really *loved* him, every ridiculous part, even the weird superstitious ones. Maybe especially those.

Ignis came with his hands bruising Prompto's hips and his teeth bruising Prompto's neck, and Prompto would've bragged about the fact that he'd

lasted longest for once, but he only lasted longest for about three seconds, and he spent them shouting his pleasure for the entire forest to hear.

"Wow, Blondie, you've really got a set of pipes on you," Gladio said from the back, and Noct flipped him off on Prompto's behalf.

Prompto laughed, bubbly and warm, and leaned in to kiss Noct, which basically just turned into him mashing his face against Noct's. Ignis sat on the hood of the car and leaned in to kiss Noct in turn, and when he pulled away, Noct was smiling.

"So," Gladio said, having clambered into Prompto's usual seat, leaning over the windshield like he wished it wasn't there and he could kiss Noct, too, "not cursed?"

"Nah," Noct said, his voice coming out soft and rough. "I guess we're just really, really unlucky."

Prompto felt Ignis's hand trace down his side, gently patting one of his bruised hips in apology. "Doesn't seem that way to me," Prompto said, and Noct headbutted him in the shoulder, which always gave Prompto the warm fuzzies.

The shout from deeper in the forest made the warm fuzzies instantly freeze. "There someone out there? What're you doin' this far into—"

Prompto didn't hear the rest, because he was busy scrambling into his pants before he flashed an unsuspecting, well-meaning hunter who'd probably just heard somebody (Prompto) screaming like he was within an inch of his life (more one of those 'little deaths' Iggy talked about when he was being pithy). Noct's clothes were piled up in the backseat, so he kinda just tumbled back there with Prompto, shoving his jacket over his junk and whacking the driver's side headrest, telling Ignis to floor it.

Maybe they were a little cursed.